

# Home Mission Echoes

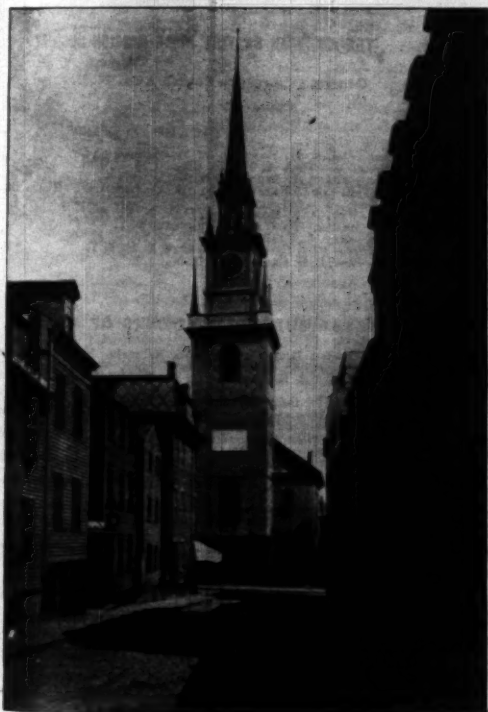
"The Country for which I lifted up mine hand to give to your fathers"

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Vol. X

AUGUST & SEPTEMBER, 1907

Nos. 8 & 9



"Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,  
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride  
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.  
But mostly he watched with eager search  
The bellfry tower of the Old North Church,  
As it rose above the graves on the hill,  
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.  
And lo! As he looks on the bellfry's height  
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!"

1775

510 Tremont Temple  
Boston

## HOME MISSION ECHOES

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Women's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the General Editor, and Mrs. J. McWhinnie, Assistant Editor. Rev. Howard B. Grose has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt has charge of the Department for "Our Young People." All correspondence pertaining to the editorial department of the paper should be sent to Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, 510 Tremont Temple.

**NOTE THE REMARKABLY LOW TERMS:** Subscription price per year, twenty-five cents. Five copies and upwards to one address yearly, twenty cents each.

Pastors, Sunday School Superintendents and all friends of Home Missions are invited to promote the circulation of the paper.

Home Mission Echoes will be sent to all subscribers until ordered to be discontinued, when all arrears must be paid.

All money and letters pertaining to subscriptions should be sent to Gertrude L. Davis, Business Manager of Home Mission Echoes, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

How sweet and gracious even in  
common speech,  
Is that fine sense which men call  
Courtesy!  
Wholesome as air and genial as  
the light,  
Welcome in every clime as breath  
of flowers,  
It transmutes aliens into trusting  
friends,  
And gives its owner passport  
round the globe.

J. T. Fields.

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510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

Telephone: 487-1 Main

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## Items

**A**S many of our constituency know, we are trying to secure an extra gift this year by the use of clocks, which when filled, will contain \$1.20. These clocks are after the style of coin cards. The twelve dimes are placed in openings around the face and made secure by placing a numeral, indicating the hours, over each dime.

Will you not send for one to Mrs. James McWhinnie, 510 Tremont Temple, and ask your friends to help you fill it during the summer? Return the \$1.20, not the clocks, to headquarters, and be sure that it is designated as clock money.

**W**ILL Missionaries among the Indians who desire boxes for Christmas festivities send as soon as possible to the Corresponding Secretary telling what they need and what time the boxes are wanted. It takes time for our circles to prepare articles, and it also takes time for them to reach their destination.

It would not be amiss to place a copy of the excellent suggestions prepared by Dr. Tefft in the catalogue and printed in our columns in the hands of the parents of some of our Northern white pupils. Extravagance in dress seems to be on the increase.—Ed.

# Home Mission Echoes

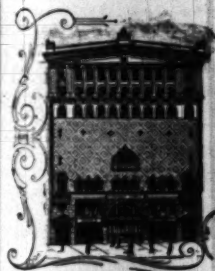
"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and forever."—Tennyson.

Vol. X.

AUGUST & SEPTEMBER, 1907

Nos. 8 & 9

## Editorial



Timothy Temple

the early days of the Colonies. Now the region is peopled with a horde of immigrants from all countries.

In some of the schools at the beginning of the school year 1907 not a child will be able to speak the English language. In 1775 Paul Revere carried a message to the outlying districts warning them of national danger, and urging them to bestir themselves. We urge those who live in the region round about Boston to hasten with the message of soul liberty to the thousands in heathen darkness, who are a menace to our Republic unless the church of Christ rises to its opportunity in this emergency.

WHILE attending the anniversaries at Washington we went to Richmond, Va., and at the request of the Alumnae Association of Hartshorn College, gave the Annual Address before that organization. This school is doing admirable work, and it was a great pleasure to meet the past as well as the present members of the school.

Dr. Tefft and his devoted daughter are doing a great and far-reaching work for the negro girls of Virginia. Miss Dyer, the preceptress, supported by the Michigan women, and our own teachers, Miss Finette Jewett, (Dr. Lyman Jewett's daughter), Miss Belle J. Clark, Miss Dixie Williams, Mrs. R. K. Jones, and Mrs. L. J. Hope are strong, conscientious workers. Miss L. B. Warburton, Miss Elva Howell, Miss Laura F. Parker and Miss E. F. Ames, supported by the Institution, are an honor to any school.

The banquet which preceded the exercises was prepared

entirely by the girls under the direction of the industrial teacher, Miss Belle Clark of Westboro, Mass. The young women who leave Hartshorn are good house keepers, and home makers. A white woman in Richmond once said that she could tell a Hartshorn girl on the street by her quiet ladylike demeanor. This school is crowded beyond the limit of health. A new building is imperatively needed.

Virginia Union University Commencement preceded the Hartshorn Commencement. It is customary to hire a special car for the students of these institutions at the close of the school year. A large number of students from both schools were at the station. The train was late, and for a half hour we watched the young men and women as they met and talked with each other without the restraint of teachers. We have never seen any white pupils under similar circumstances more dignified and quiet, yet cordial and social, as they passed in and out of the station.

Our Southern teachers are giving their lives for this work, with inadequate salaries, but they are Christian patriots, doing a work that will tell in the future of the black race. Let us sympathize with them as they come North in the summer, and let us also give freely of our means to sustain the growing needs of these healthy institutions.

THE marriage of Miss Ine E. Brown, the former efficient Assistant Director of the New Haven (Conn.) Association, to Rev. James A. Clark, D.D., removes her entirely from our work. Miss Brown has for many years been a very successful Primary teacher in Wallingford, Conn., and has carried forward her missionary work with enthusiasm. She resigned her position last year as Assistant Director to enter Settlement work in New York City.

Dr. Clark is the Editor of the *Pacific Baptist*. In her new home on the Pacific coast Mrs. Clark will enter heartily into Christian work. Through the columns of ECHOES we send our congratulations and best wishes to these earnest Christian workers.

"The day dies slowly in the western sky;  
The sunset splendor fades, and wane and ebb  
The far peaks wait the sunrise; cheerly  
The goatherd calls his wanderers to their fold.  
My weary soul, that fain would cease to roam,  
Take comfort; evening bringeth all things home.  
Homeward the swift-winged sea-gull takes its flight;  
The ebbing tide breaks softly on the sand;  
The sunlit boats draw shoreward for the night;  
The shadows deepen over sea and land;  
Be still, my soul, thine hour shall also come;  
Behold one evening God shall lead thee home."

## STATEMENT

**T**HE spirit and purpose of our constituency as manifested in word and deed at the 29th Annual Meeting in Cambridge, May 1st and 2nd, 1907, were a source of great encouragement to the Officers and Finance Committee of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society.

We went to that meeting oppressed by the conviction that we must retrench. After long and prayerful consideration of the expenditure of the past year, of the demands for the present year, and that we are already borrowing money for current expenses your Finance Committee inspired by the spirit of that meeting have resolved to retrench only a small amount. Still further we have been emboldened to plan for such an increase in our receipts for the current year as shall enable us not only to come to the next Annual Meeting without a deficit, but with a working balance which will allow us to begin the New Year without the necessity of borrowing money for immediate expenses. This means that we need from the women of our churches \$44,000 for the present year. Upon you we lay the responsibility of raising this amount.

**\$44,000.**

For the Finance Committee,  
**MRS. C. F. BYAM,**  
**MRS. M. T. BLANCHARD.**

## From Many Mines

**I**N our magazines we find a number of items concerning Christian work which are encouraging as well as discouraging. A gentleman in Canada died one year ago leaving an estate said to be worth 1,300,000 pounds. He left a will directing the conversion of the business into a joint stock company, and that twenty per cent. of the profits annually should be left to Dr. Barnado's Homes in London. We wish that some philanthropist would give to the Murrow Indian Orphans' Home in Atoka some substantial gift. These Indian orphans deserve the help and support of all patriots.

**T**HE American International College in Hartford, Conn., has 84 students in attendance. Of these 30 are Italians, 21 Greeks, 12 Armenians, 5 Bulgarians, 4 Cubans, 3 French, 2 Assyrians, 2 Macedonians,—besides a Chinaman, a Syrian, a Swiss, and a Jewess from Siberia. Of the whole number 30 were born outside of the U. S., 19 were reared in the Greek Church, and 17 in the Roman Catholic.

**T**HE American Tract Society has recently added 87 new publications in 14 languages and is now publishing literature in 30 different languages. Immigration is now largely Slavic and Hebraic in its origin, and so large and so varied is this part of the population that America may be spoken of as the Home and Foreign Missionary Field of the world. Three colporters who are linguists distribute literature at Ellis Island in 30 different languages.

**A** CHINESE diplomat, when asked what surprised him most in America, said: "State care of the insane, the Y. M. C. A., and the lady in Chicago,"—meaning Miss Jane Addams, who, besides founding and conducting Hull House, lecturing and making books, finds time to be superintendent of streets and alleys in her ward.

**T**HE inhabitants of Germany spend annually \$50,000,000 for eggs, \$60,000,000 for cheese, \$100,000,000 for coffee, \$105,000,000 for sugar, \$120,000,000 for milk, \$125,000,000 for wine, \$175,000,000 for whiskey, \$394,000,000 for beer. On an average every German contributes annually 4 cents for foreign missions, and 1½ for Home Missions, while he spends \$7.00 for beer alone, and \$12.00 for wine, beer and whiskey together.

**T**HE total income of British Missionary Societies is nearly \$9,000,000 which represents less than 25 cents each of the population. It is stated that the people of Great Britain lay aside in savings \$5,000,000 per day. Then more is laid aside in two days than is given for foreign missions in a whole year.

The whole Christian world of \$150,000,000 contributes only some \$17,000,000 for missions. The state of New York with a population of nearly 8,000,000 pays nearly \$17,000,000 every year in licenses for the privilege of selling liquor, not the liquor itself.

**W**HEN we talk of heathen we usually think of men and women on the other side of the world. But there are idolaters even in our own country. The largest Mohammedan Colony reported is at Worcester, Mass. They are Turks and Koords and are employed in the factories.

## A Grave Danger.

**F**RED MOSELEY, the British educator, who spent some time in this country investigating our educational institutions, states in a letter to the London Times:

"I wish to record that I see signs of a serious danger in the future if the ruthless extravagance of the people of the United States is to continue unchecked, and her prosperity is leading to an even worse feature than her extravagance—viz, inefficiency and corruption."

"There are signs of everything being aliphad, work inefficiently performed and badly finished, everything overdone and overworked; and, above all, everybody appears in too great a hurry, so that in the race for success and wealth many of the former good characteristics of the country are disappearing."

"The nations of the world may be growing richer, but unless honesty and realization of the responsibilities of wealth are to accompany this material progress, we are better without it."—Selected.



## An Indian School



VERY interesting account of the commencement exercises of the Government School for Indian young people at Chilocco, O. T., has come to hand, and we will give a brief report of the work of this school. The benefits of industrial and domestic courses is very plainly shown.

Our readers will remember that when the Government placed its well equipped, up-to-date schools all over Oklahoma Territory, the Home Mission Society gave up the denominational schools in that territory, as the leaders of our denominational work felt that it would be a waste of money to carry on schools when the Government was doing such excellent work.

Fifty-six graduates received diplomas this year, boys and girls, most of them being full blood.

The school orchestra, all skilled Indian musicians, furnished the musical numbers of the program. The demonstrations by the students were in harness making, milk testing, bread making, printing, cake making, and sewing.

Among the different tribes represented in this graduating class were the Oneidas, Cherokees, Sioux, Pueblos, Apaches, Cheyennes, Pawnees, Papagos, Comanches, Shawnees, Senecas, Pottawatomies, and Navajos.

A practical dairy demonstration, "testing milk," was given by Bert Antone, a Papago. The art of making bread the Chilocco way was shown by Peter Taylor, a Kaw Indian and he made it plain to the audience how easy it is to get results, while cake making and the correct manufacture of rolls and deserts were demonstrated by Sophie Cadgue, a Kickapoo girl of the domestic science department. Besides the talker there were nine other girls with dainty white caps, cuffs and aprons assisting her. Five tables were used, on each of which was an electric cooking plate. On a large table were the ovens, and nearby was a dining-room table with chairs. One of the girls at the table made a pie, another gelatine, one bread dough, one dessert, and one roll. Each step of the process of making the demonstrator explained in full.

While these girls were busy with their demonstration, four girls of the junior class set the dining-room table, preparing it for a seven course dinner. Two of the girls acted as servers and two as waitresses, each course being served to the imaginary guests in proper order. Down in the audience, however, the dainty dishes, being prepared by the demonstrator, created a hunger that would have made numerous willing guests at the table, had the invitation only been forthcoming. For after the pie, bread, rolls and cake were made, they were properly cooked and exhibited so that the audience could see how satisfactory they were from a culinary standpoint.

White Parker, a son of the noted Comanche chief, Quannah Parker, and William Sawpetty, another Comanche, gave the demonstration in printing, acting as assistants to Theodore Edwards, a Chippewa graduate. At a pair of cases on the stage the art of setting type was fully explained, and Edwards also gave the audience a brief history of the "art preservative," its invention and how the building of printing presses had advanced gradually from that time to the present. He then gave a very intelligible and complete exemplification of the

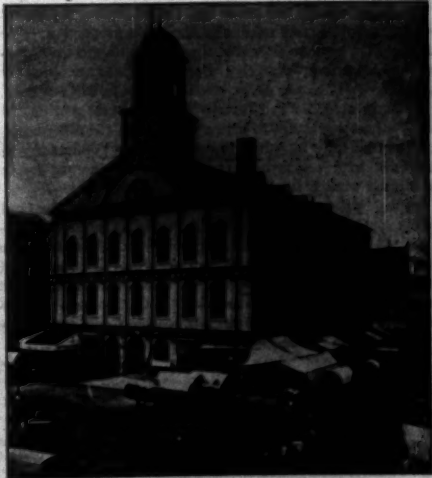
composition, lockup and printing of a job, which was later passed to the audience by two young Indian "devils" from the school print shop.

Maud Wade, a Chippewa girl, showed the audience the art of cutting, fitting and making a dress, giving the demonstration in a manner that was readily understood. Her assistants were younger girls from the sewing department of the school. A Shawnee Indian girl, Grace Miller, recited an original poem, "Worthy?" and the valedictory address was given by an Oneida girl, Anna Hill. Her subject was "Indians as teachers of Indians," showing that the Indian who is educated physically, mentally and morally and placed before his people as a type will do more to uplift the race than all the white people put together. The diplomas were presented by Superintendent W. S. McCowan, who has been its head now for a number of years.

The Indian students at Chilocco are not permitted to spend their summer vacations in idleness. Four special coach loads of them have been taken to Rocky Ford, Col., where they will work in the beet fields the most of the summer. These students, over two hundred in number, were in charge of J. E. Shields, former disciplinarian at Chilocco. It is believed that the Colorado atmosphere will be exceedingly beneficial to the health of the students.

Shortly after the arrival of the Chilocco students at Rocky Ford they were joined there by a similar number of Indian students from the Government school at Keams Cañon, Ar., who will also work in the beet fields during the summer months.

—Boston Transcript.



Faneuil Hall, Boston, Mass.

"The way is narrow? Ah, but think how wide  
The fields it leads to. Wide as hope are they.  
Into a larger life the path will guide.  
What matter, then, if narrow be the way?"

## How to Tithe Incomes



LADY in North Carolina, who makes her own support by the labor of her hands, presents the following inquiry:—How shall I make a calculation to find what the *tithe of my income* is? I keep boarders for a support, and buy nearly all that we use. We cultivate some vegetables for the table, and grass for the cow. If I find that I only clear expenses, what do you say is my income?

This question is capable of two answers. The first is a general one. If a man decides that he will give a tenth of his income to the Lord, or a fifth or a twentieth, he should ascertain what his income is, in order to find out how many dollars he will give. Not all the money that a man receives from his customers is included in his income. If a merchant buys a stock of goods for ten thousand dollars, pays a thousand for rent, etc., and a thousand for salaries, and then sells the goods for fourteen thousand dollars, only two thousand out of that fourteen thousand constitutes income. And the tithe would be two hundred dollars.

So if a hotel keeper, or the manager of a boarding house, buys vegetables and meats to the extent of a thousand dollars a year, pays for house rent and wages, five hundred dollars; maintains his family at the table, and receives from the other boarders fifteen hundred dollars; (that is, he just clears expenses), his income is the value of the food and clothes of his own family. If he can set an approximate value on that, he can ascertain his tithable income.

The other answer lies in the fact that God does not expect the rich and the poor to give in the same proportion. We can imagine people so poor that they can give almost nothing, and ought not to give largely. Such families as are found by the hundred in Eastern cities, who live in sheds, without floor, or table, or chair, or bed (except a bamboo mat and an old quilt)—these ought not to give a tenth. On the other hand, families that have incomes of several thousand dollars a year ought not to give as little as a tenth. Each man must decide for himself what his duty and his privilege is.

We say "privilege." For it would be a privilege if the Lord should speak of some of us as he did of the Christians of Macedonia, (2 Cor. 8:2) "Their *sleep* poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality," when they "prayed" Paul, that he "would receive" the gift, which it would seem he hesitated to receive from such poor people. If Christians would esteem it a privilege to be allowed to help in God's work, they would enjoy the giving far more than they do.

—Christian Observer.

VELARDE, N. M., June 24, 1907.

My dear Mrs. Reynolds:—

This is the great day for the Mexicans and Indians of this part of the country. It is *"El Día de San Juan Bautista."* Everybody goes to this celebration to witness the races, to see friends, to show new clothes, to eat candy and nuts, and incidentally to attend the mass which is held in the old church in "El Pueblo de San Juan."

I think I have spoken of this day in some of my talks in New England or have written of it, so this time I want to speak of some of our *days* at Echo Mission. Perhaps it is better to begin with the ending of the school year than with the beginning of it. The school closed at noon on May 31. The last week of school we opened at 7.30 in the morning and closed for the day at twelve o'clock. We did this because the days were getting warm and the pupils do much better work in the freshness of the morning. On the evening of May the thirtieth we observed Memorial Day. All of the pupils in school had some part to take. Recitations, songs, and a flag drill were well rendered, and we had no cause to feel ashamed of our boys and girls. The blackboards were decorated in colored crayons, with flowers, birds, and wreaths, and the big flag that floats in the breezes every day, and is the handiwork of Miss Lake and the girls, was draped across the front of the chapel. How much our girls think of that flag! They basted the stars on the blue field, each girl taking a number of states and the states her stars represented.

Some of our friends, in Emporia, Kansas, sent us a number of Chinese lanterns. On one side of the chapel is a pretty grass plot containing twenty-nine square rods. We call it the "Quadrangle." This Quadrangle is bounded on the east by the chapel, on the west by the flag pole, on the north and south by walks for the pupils. Along these walks, wires were stretched, and the lanterns hung on them. To be sure it rained! But in spite of rain and darkness, pupils and parents and friends came. For the closing exercise nine girls gave a flag drill. They marched down the center aisle which was roped off for them in the national colors. All dressed in white, bearing flags, and led by the Goddess of Liberty, wearing her helmet cap of red, white and blue, they made a fine appearance. The brilliantly lighted chapel, with its glowing decorations, its dark-haired, white-robed girls, the sweet strains of song, the stately march with banners, and the softly glowing, swinging lanterns outside were pleasing to eye and ear. I wish that those who have helped to sustain the school at Echo Mission had been here, I think they would have seen the import of it all to these boys and girls and been glad that they had helped. The last day of school, when the books were all to be looked over and any torn ones put aside for mending, the others all to be put in order in the bookcase, the slates to be washed, mended and packed away, I had the most willing and intelligent workers. I had nothing to do but to direct them. With a song by the school, and a Bible verse from each pupil, and a smiling "good-bye," they swept out on the Quadrangle walks, gay, impetuous as youth should be. I watched them, wishing that I might see them all wearing college cap and gown, but that may not be. Infinitely more do I wish that I may see them, some day, with their "robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." Other "days" we have had, this year, as always, Longfellow Day, Washington's Birthday, Flag Day, for New Mexico, Christmas, and Thanksgiving. Sunday services have always been held, but with small attendance. The Catholic priest still holds sway over them, and they fear to displease him.

But always the chapel is open and the Word is taught and

preached. Sometimes the way to the people's hearts seems entirely walled up. Only a strong, abiding faith in God's power keeps one from giving up hope.

For such a helper as Miss Lake has been, for over two years, we cannot be sufficiently grateful. It may be easy to work for Christ when one works *very hard* but sees people coming to Him. But when one gives his best of strength, of ability, of service, and then must stand and wait, and wait, it tries the spirit. Ten years of work in Velarde! One must have prophetic vision to inspire hope. But even as the young trees in the Mission grounds lift their green heads, and the roses bloom in the garden which a few years ago was a barren waste, so we believe that God's love and mercy will sometime touch this waste place and it will become a beautiful garden of the Lord.—ELIZABETH K. RISHEL.

### Expenses and Dressing.

*We ask parents to notice, consider, and remember.*



HERE are some who say that they cannot afford to send their daughters to Hartshorn Memorial College on account of the extra expense of special dressing. To such persons and to all others, we wish to say a few words about this matter of dressing.

1. Every year our catalogue has been saying: "Students should dress for health and comfort, and not for show. Special dresses for special occasions are not necessary. This institution does not wish to encourage expensive dressing." If, then, expensive dresses are provided, it is the parents that please to do it; this institution does not wish it.
2. These are the things which we count needful—warm underclothing for cold weather; overshoes and over garments for wet weather; and plain, neat, inexpensive garments for all times.
3. These are things which are not needful, and which are a trouble to us—a new dress and a new hat for Christmas; another new dress and a new hat and ribbons and flowers for Easter; and two more dresses and gloves and fixings for commencement and graduation. Such things spoil students.
4. Do not furnish your daughters with silks and showy dresses, or expensive dresses of any kind.
5. If your daughter writes that she must have a large amount of money for dressing, that all the girls are having new dresses and new hats, and that she must have them, please understand that this represents no real need, but merely shows her vanity and wish to outshine the rest.
6. Some parents, who have plenty of money, seem to wish to make it known by dressing their daughters expensively. They injure their daughters, and make it hard for those who have little money.
7. Anything which makes education expensive, shuts girls out of school, and hinders the progress of the colored people.
8. The girls who have little money to spend for show make the best students.
9. Have your girls give you an exact account of every cent they spend. This will give them some practice in keeping accounts, and will save you many a dollar. And it may make for them the difference between plenty and poverty as the years to come.—In Catalogue of H. M. C.

### A Missionary Corner



RY a missionary corner," said Aunt Phyllis, "perhaps that will help you."

"A missionary corner?" I said. "I do not know just what you mean. Do you mean for me to take some particular corner of the world, and become interested in that?"

"No, that is exactly what I do not mean." I mean for you to take the whole world, every bit of it, and put it into a corner, somewhere, and think about it and pray for it, and plan for it, and work for it, and love it with all your heart, and you will find that you are interested in missions. If you are not tired I should like to show you my corner—it is in my own room."

Of course I was glad to see it, so I followed her up the stairs and into the room across the hall.

"There it is," she said, pointing toward the west window. "It is only a bit of wall and a table and a bookshelf, but it is large enough for all the world and for my whole heart."

As she spoke, I saw, indeed, the world, a globe-map of it, standing on the top of the bookshelf; and over it hung a print of the "Wise Men on the Way to Bethlehem."

"The corner doesn't cost anything," she said. "You use just what you have, and you'll be surprised to see how many things you have for it, when you begin to look for them."

"Let us begin with the table. Here is my Bible—that is my commission and my inspiration and my guide. Then here are my mite-boxes, where I put the broken bits of treasure that might be swept away in the dust of the world's work. Have a mite-box, by all means. If it is filled with love and gratitude, you will find it full of help and opportunity. Here is our mission-study text-book, and here are the latest numbers of our missionary magazines, and hanging just above is our prayer-calendar. You have to buy these, of course, but you do not buy them for the corner, you buy them for the help they give, and put them into the corner afterwards."

"Those pictures on the wall are prints cut from magazine, book-catalogues and missionary circulars. There is a Bible-woman of India, and there is a missionary of Africa, there is a Chinese orphan, and there is a picture of one of the Southern industrial homes of our Home Missionary Society; and over here is one of our nurse deaconesses, bending over her little patient; and here is a picture of our own 'Country Home for Invalid Children'—you can see the cupola from the dining-room window."

"There are all sorts of missions here, because the corner stands for the whole world, of which our village is one little part, so I put up the picture of the Children's Home, for it is true missionary work—many a little heart has there been taught to love Him who blesses the children, and many an aching limb, many a tired head, has there been rested and comforted. Here, on the bookshelf, are the rest of my missionary books and magazines, with a few little souvenirs and curios below—most of the latter, gifts from missionary friends. This is the little Chinese shoe that Anne Marshall gave me, years ago—the Captain used to bring her such beautiful things from China. How my heart aches for the poor little foot that had to be bound and beaten to fit such a shoe as this. Here is

## How to Tithe Incomes



LADY in North Carolina, who makes her own support by the labor of her hands, presents the following inquiry:—How shall I make a calculation to find what the *tithe of my income is?* I keep boarders for a support, and buy nearly all that we use. We cultivate some vegetables for the table, and grass for the cow. If I find that I only clear expenses, what do you say is my income?

This question is capable of two answers. The first is a general one. If a man decides that he will give a tenth of his income to the Lord, or a fifth or a twentieth, he should ascertain what his income is, in order to find out how many dollars he will give. Not all the money that a man receives from his customers is included in his income. If a merchant buys a stock of goods for ten thousand dollars, pays a thousand for rent, etc., and a thousand for salaries, and then sells the goods for fourteen thousand dollars, only two thousand out of that fourteen thousand constitutes income. And the tithe would be two hundred dollars.

So if a hotel keeper, or the manager of a boarding house, buys vegetables and meats to the extent of a thousand dollars a year, pays for house rent and wages, five hundred dollars; maintains his family at the table, and receives from the other boarders fifteen hundred dollars; (that is, he just clears expenses), his income is the value of the food and clothes of his own family? If he can set an approximate value on that, he can ascertain his tithable income.

The other answer lies in the fact that God does not expect the rich and the poor to give in the same proportion. We can imagine people so poor that they can give almost nothing, and ought not to give largely. Such families as are found by the hundred in Eastern cities, who live in sheds, without floor, or table, or chair, or bed (except a bamboo mat and an old quilt)—these ought not to give a tenth. On the other hand, families that have incomes of several thousand dollars a year ought not to give as little as a tenth. Each man must decide for himself what his duty and his privilege is.

We say "privilege." For it would be a privilege if the Lord should speak of some of us as he did of the Christians of Macedonia, (2 Cor. 8:2) "Their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality," when they "prayed" Paul, that he "would receive" the gift, which it would seem he hesitated to receive from such poor people. If Christians would esteem it a privilege to be allowed to help in God's work, they would enjoy the giving far more than they do.

—Christian Observer.

VELARDE, N. M., June 24, 1907.

My dear Mrs. Reynolds:—

This is the great day for the Mexicans and Indians of this part of the country. It is "*El Día de San Juan Bautista*." Everybody goes to this celebration to witness the races, to see friends, to show new clothes, to eat candy and nuts, and incidentally to attend the mass which is held in the old church in "El Pueblo de San Juan."

I think I have spoken of this day in some of my talks in New England or have written of it, so this time I want to speak of some of our days at Echo Mission. Perhaps it is better to begin with the ending of the school year than with the beginning of it. The school closed at noon on May 31. The last week of school we opened at 7.30 in the morning and closed for the day at twelve o'clock. We did this because the days were getting warm and the pupils do much better work in the freshness of the morning. On the evening of May the thirtieth we observed Memorial Day. All of the pupils in school had some part to take. Recitations, songs, and a flag drill were well rendered, and we had no cause to feel ashamed of our boys and girls. The blackboards were decorated in colored crayons, with flowers, birds, and wreaths, and the big flag that floats in the breezes every day, and is the handiwork of Miss Lake and the girls, was draped across the front of the chapel. How much our girls think of that flag! They basted the stars on the blue field, each girl taking a number of states and the states her stars represented.

Some of our friends, in Emporia, Kansas, sent us a number of Chinese lanterns. On one side of the chapel is a pretty grass plot containing twenty-nine square rods. We call it the "Quadrangle." This Quadrangle is bounded on the east by the chapel, on the west by the flag pole, on the north and south by walks for the pupils. Along these walks, vines were stretched, and the lanterns hung on them. To be sure it rained! But in spite of rain and darkness, pupils and parents and friends came. For the closing exercise nine girls gave a flag drill. They marched down the center aisle which was roped off for them in the national colors. All dressed in white, bearing flags, and led by the Goddess of Liberty, wearing her helmet cap of red, white and blue, they made a fine appearance. The brilliantly lighted chapel, with its glowing decorations, its dark-haired, white-robed girls, the sweet strains of song, the stately march with banners, and the softly glowing, swinging lanterns outside were pleasing to eye and ear. I wish that those who have helped to sustain the school at Echo Mission had been here, I think they would have seen the import of it all to these boys and girls and been glad that they had helped. The last day of school, when the books were all to be looked over and any torn ones put aside for mending, the others all to be put in order in the bookcase, the slates to be washed, mended and packed away, I had the most willing and intelligent workers. I had nothing to do but to direct them. With a song by the school, and a Bible verse from each pupil, and a smiling "good-bye," they swept out on the Quadrangle walks, gay, impetuous as youth should be. I watched them, wishing that I might see them all wearing college cap and gown, but that may not be. Infinitely more do I wish that I may see them, some day, with their "robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." Other "days" we have had, this year, as always, Longfellow Day, Washington's Birthday, Flag Day, for New Mexico, Christmas, and Thanksgiving. Sunday services have always been held, but with small attendance. The Catholic priest still holds sway over them, and they fear to displease him.

But always the chapel is open and the Word is taught and



preached. Sometimes the way to the people's hearts seems entirely walled up. Only a strong, abiding faith in God's power keeps one from giving up hope.

For such a helper as Miss Lake has been, for over two years, we cannot be sufficiently grateful. It may be easy to work for Christ when one works very hard but sees people coming to Him. But when one gives his best of strength, of ability, of service, and then must stand and wait, and wait, it tries the spirit. Ten years of work in Velarde! One must have prophetic vision to inspire hope. But even as the young trees in the Mission grounds lift their green heads, and the roses bloom in the garden which a few years ago was a barren waste, so we believe that God's love and mercy will sometime touch this waste place and it will become a beautiful garden of the Lord.—ELIZABETH K. RISHLE.

### Expenses and Dressing.

*We ask parents to notice, consider, and remember.*

**H**ERE are some who say that they cannot afford to send their daughters to Hartshorn Memorial College on account of the extra expense of special dressing. To such persons and to all others, we wish to say a few words about this matter of dressing.

1. Every year our catalogue has been saying: "Students should dress for health and comfort, and not for show. Special dresses for special occasions are not necessary. This institution does not wish to encourage expensive dressing." If, then, expensive dresses are provided, it is the parents that please to do it; this institution does not wish it.

2. These are the things which we count needful—warm underclothing for cold weather; overshoes and over garments for wet weather; and plain, neat, inexpensive garments for all times.

3. These are things which are not needful, and which are a trouble to us—a new dress and a new hat for Christmas; another new dress and a new hat and ribbons and flowers for Easter; and two more dresses and gloves and fixings for commencement and graduation. Such things spoil students.

4. Do not furnish your daughters with silks and showy dresses, or expensive dresses of any kind.

5. If your daughter writes that she must have a large amount of money for dressing, that all the girls are having new dresses and new hats, and that she must have them, please understand that this represents no real need, but merely shows her vanity and wish to outshine the rest.

6. Some parents, who have plenty of money, seem to wish to make it known by dressing their daughters expensively. They injure their daughters, and make it hard for those who have little money.

7. Anything which makes education expensive, shuts girls out of school, and hinders the progress of the colored people.

8. The girls who have little money to spend for show make the best students.

9. Have your girls give you an exact account of every cent they spend. This will give them some practice in keeping accounts, and will save you many a dollar. And it may make for them the difference between plenty and poverty a the years to come.—In Catalogue of H. M. C.

### A Missionary Corner



RY a missionary corner," said Aunt Phyllis, "perhaps that will help you."

"A missionary corner?" I said. "I do not know just what you mean. Do you mean for me to take some particular corner of the world, and become interested in that?"

"No, that is exactly what I do not mean." I mean for you to take the whole world, every bit of it, and put it into a corner, somewhere, and think about it and pray for it, and plan for it, and work for it, and love it with all your heart, and you will find that you are interested in missions. If you are not tired I should like to show you my corner—it is in my own room."

Of course I was glad to see it, so I followed her up the stairs and into the room across the hall.

"There it is," she said, pointing toward the west window. "It is only a bit of wall and a table and a bookshelf, but it is large enough for all the world and for my whole heart."

As she spoke, I saw, indeed, the world, a globe-map of it, standing on the top of the bookshelf; and over it hung a print of the "Wise Men on the Way to Bethlehem."

"The corner doesn't cost anything," she said. "You use just what you have, and you'll be surprised to see how many things you have for it, when you begin to look for them."

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"There are all sorts of missions here, because the corner stands for the whole world, of which our village is one little part, so I put up the picture of the Children's Home, for it is true missionary work—many a little heart has there been taught to love Him who blesses the children, and many an aching limb, many a tired head, has there been rested and comforted. Here, on the bookshelf, are the rest of my missionary books and magazines, with a few little souvenirs and curios below—most of the latter, gifts from missionary friends. This is the little Chinese shoe that Anne Marshall gave me, years ago—the Captain used to bring her such beautiful things from China. How my heart aches for the poor little foot that had to be bound and beaten to fit such a shoe as this. Here is

the piece of Benares brass that Uncle Rob brought me from the World's Fair with this Japanese ivory paper-cutter. Here are a couple of Japanese fans, to help the effect, and here is a piece of Mexican pottery."

"Perhaps these do not seem to have much to do with missions, but they are what the people make with their hands and brains, and so are a real part of themselves. I love to have these things here where I can lay my own hands on them; it is something like shaking hands with those who made them, and then praying for them and giving to them is like looking into their faces and saying, 'God loves you.'"

"I tell you, Margaret, missionary work is a real thing and a beautiful thing; it is making new friendships and making a new love in the heart. They are not far away, these heathen people; they are very near to us—bought with the same Blood, cared for by the same Love, called to the same Home, wanting the same Bread of Life. Think of it—they are looking at us with dying eyes, and saying, 'It is so dark, there is no light, there is no bread, there is no hope!' And you and I are just across the room from them, hiding the light and the bread, the very gift God has sent to their need."

There were tears in Aunt Phyllis' eyes, as, turning to me, she laid her hand gently on my arm, and said, with a solemn persuasive tenderness:

"Margaret, before you say again that you are not much interested in missions, get down on your knees before God and see if you feel like saying it to Him. Not to believe in missions is not to believe in Jesus Christ, and not to want to do His way is not to love Him. I know you do not mean that, dear, but that is what the words mean, and we must be careful about our words—they can do so much harm. You will never say it again, will you? You do not mean it; do not say it."

"Oh, does it really mean that awful thing? I do believe in Christ, and I thought I loved Him."

"Yes, you do love Him, and down in your heart you believe in missions, too, but you have never opened the door wide enough to let the light of your thought shine full into your heart. Sometimes we stand trembling before that closed door, fearing to open it lest the light should reveal a cross, forgetting that the cross is God's opportunity for resurrection life. I did not mean to preach you a sermon, but Aunt Phyllis loves you so dearly that her love could not keep back the word. Be a missionary woman, loving the whole world, such a woman as God can trust with the glorious news of a world-wide redemption."

There may have been other things in that missionary corner, but the word of love that could not be kept back had burned its way into my heart and let in the light. What right had I to limit the loving provision of God, to criticise His plans, to deny the world a present knowledge of Him? What claim had I to His blessing and His peace more than another soul? Not to believe in missions was to deny Jesus as a present-world Saviour, and that was to deny Him as the Saviour of my own soul. The missionary corner had become, indeed, a whole world to me, and that whole world was pressing upon my heart—such a little heart—could it ever grow so large with love that it should echo the divine symphony of Redemp-

tion, and the burden become a song?

Aunt Phyllis said something about gathering some roses for mother, and, half hearing, I followed her down into the garden.

While she busied herself with the roses, I dropped behind and knelt before a bed of pansies. Not that I cared for the pansies just then, but I wanted to be low down somewhere—the Lord was in His garden, and I had something to say to Him.

After a while, when Aunt Phyllis came over to put her harvest with mine, she gave a little start of surprise as I helplessly handed her the three lone little blooms that I had caught at the last moment.

"Why didn't?" — But the words died away on her lips—one look at my face was enough—the dew of the garden was in my eyes. Stooping, she kissed my outstretched hand, as it held out the pansies, and then turned to leave me alone. "Do not go," I said, "I have something to tell you. I am going to be a missionary woman. I have received my commission here in the garden, as did Mary of old, and I, too, want to run to bring the disciples word. I want to tell them what you have told me tonight, that not to believe in missions is not to believe in Jesus Christ. I am sure that they have not thought of it that way, but it is true. Not to believe in missions is not to believe in His last commandment, and not to believe in His last commandment is to deny His Lordship. I cannot afford to do that, for I do love Him and want to do His way."

I turned to the bed of pansies again, gathering quite a handful now, and they looked up at me with such earnest faces, through the gathering darkness of that twilight calm, as if they understood. Ah, how that garden was breathing with the infinite presence of God!

I heard Dick's whistle at the gate, and knew that he had brought the carriage for me.

"Aunt Phyllis, I cannot say it all tonight, my heart is too full, but you know about it and can understand. Thank you so much for loving me!"—*Woman's Missionary Friend.*

### The Burden Bearers.

I looked and saw two different companies

Who traveled the same road, but wide apart;

Each pilgrim had a burden at the start,

Which, as he journeyed onward, grew in size.

These looked not on each other with a heart

Of sympathy, nor felt their sorrows rise,

To see the pangs of anguish that would dart

Through the flushed countenance and bloodshot eyes

Of fellow traveler. None would lay his load

Aside to help his brother up the hill.

And oft they pushed each other from the road;

And ever, as they journeyed, quarreled still.

Their law was: "Each must his own burden bear,"

Therefore, their burdens grew to blank despair.

Such was this crew; how far diverse were they

Who seemed a gloomier band at the first look;

And more had they to do—to watch and pray,

And often study o'er a little book.

Besides each other's burdens that they took

With gladness on their backs; and on the way

They yielded each to th' other; none forsook

The tired, or by the fain refused to stay.

None was so mean that all did not behold

In him a brother high in rank and place;

Whence the faint-hearted daily grew more bold.

And those who lagged behind revived their pace.

Their law was: "One another's burdens bear,"

Therefore their burdens grew as light as air.

— From unpublished poems of the late Theodore D. Woolsey

in the *Independent*.



## The American Baptist Home Mission Society

### Why Form Home Mission Study Classes?



HOME missions deal with living problems, with problems related to the immediate moral and spiritual needs of the American people. Interest and instruction, therefore, wait on the intelligent study of home missions.

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Why study the home mission problems of to-day?

THEY ARE URGENT. We have an American frontier. Differing in many respects from the frontier of fifty years ago, it is no less insistent in its need of the Gospel. Into new communities the Christian church must go. And in older communities, too, readjustment and readaptations are necessary. Many churches in eastern states, once a dependable and an aggressive evangelizing force, now require aid similar to that which they once gave so heartily and so generously. The gradual drift of the constituency of rural churches toward urban life has lessened their financial vigor. Out of strength they have become weak.

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And in our new possessions there are vast and sacred interests, and a fresh set of conditions, to be met. Then, too, every year enough foreign speaking peoples come to this country to populate fifty cities with twenty thousand inhabitants each. How are these changing and formidable conditions to be dealt with? What measure of money and aggressiveness are required? How are our American frontiers to be evangelized and Christianized? These questions are living.

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Twenty millions of people are within the compass of our national life entirely outside all churches,—Jewish, Roman Catholic, or Protestant. No other question ought to be of more lively interest to all Christian men and women, than this—How is the Gospel to be made vital to these millions?

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It is because of the need so vividly voiced in these words that the home mission cause is so tremendously important. It is related to the highest interests of the Kingdom of our Lord. While it exists primarily for the extension of the Kingdom of Christ among those who are in this country, the way of home missions is world-wide. America will be a world-force for righteousness to the extent that the principles of Christ control the characters of the people. To the degree that the light He has brought is obeyed, will the United States be a nation set on a mountain, its light unhidden.

The moral and religious quality of a nation determines the depth and lastingness of its effect for good on other nations. To the extent that the principles of Christ are taught with wisdom and vigor, the nation will strengthen morally and religiously.

Aggression is required that the weak places may be made strong. Great sections of our country are yet unevangelized and unchristianized. In Wyoming there is a county with 12,000 inhabitants, in which, up to September, 1904, there was but one town in which evangelical services were held regularly. Even now there are but a few towns in the county with such services, though there are three mining towns, within a radius of three miles, having a combined population of 3,000. In the country it is said a rural population of fully 6,000 have never had the help of a Christian minister of any denomination.

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THE STUDY OF HOME MISSIONS WIDENS VISION. "We, then, that are strong," said Paul, "ought to bear the infirmities of the weak and not to please ourselves." Certainly! But how are the strong to learn of the weak and their infirmities?

Is there a surer way than that by which members of a home mission study class acquire such knowledge? Much of our acquaintance with real conditions must come through those who have given special study to the pressing problems of our complex modern life.

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The number of those who are weak and in need of the help of the strong is far greater than most of those who are measurably intelligent respecting conditions in America, can imagine. In America are the great armies of the illiterate; the vast submerged multitudes in our great cities; the throngs of foreigners who are without competent, or even sympathetic, leadership.

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AN INTELLIGENT STUDY OF HOME MISSIONS WILL PROMOTE A GROWING FAITH IN THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL. The past century of home mission history is abundantly encouraging. At the beginning of the last century one person in every fourteen was a member of the Protestant evangelical church. At the beginning of this century one person in every four was a member of the Protestant evangelical church. The Protestant church grew more rapidly than the population. This encouraging progress was due, in a large measure, to the heroism and self-denial and faithfulness of the pioneer home missionaries and their families.

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THE STUDY OF HOME MISSIONS WILL INCREASE PRACTICAL, DEFINITE INTERESTS IN THE HOME MISSION CAUSE. As we think, we are; and as we are, we go. It is those, who, through the study of what has been achieved, and of what it is essential now to do, who will come to have the required practical intelligent interest in this chief of causes. It is those who think on the needs of their fellow-men and come into a sympathetic attitude toward them, who are likely to go forth to meet those needs. *The Home Missionary.*

## A Broad Parish.

MISSION WORK ON THE MENDOCINO COAST, CALIFORNIA.

BY W. A. CHAPMAN



Y parish, which is on the coast in Mendocino County, California, about 150 miles north of San Francisco, where I have been laboring for a little more than two years, is one of, if not the largest that any one man occupies in the whole state. It covers not less than 5,000 square miles. This field is mine exclusively, there being no other minister of any denomination on it. The chief industry in this section of the country is lumber. Here is where a large quantity of the red wood grows, which is hewn down, cut up into lumber or split into ties, and shipped to the San Francisco, Los Angeles and foreign markets; hence there are quite a number of saw-mills, each employing from 50 to 300 men, besides those employed at the shipping points, of which there are several.

As fast as the timber is taken off, the land is used for farming or stock raising. In addition to this there are quite a number of small fertile valleys among the hills, occupied by farmers, consequently there are schoolhouses scattered all through the country; and therefore, though classed as being in the back-woods, we find many interesting and intelligent families who keep themselves acquainted with all that is going on in the outside world. Though they seem to live, as it were in a little world to themselves, many of them never having seen a railroad train, yet they like to keep in touch with the world at large through the daily papers. In fact we find, after having travelled somewhat in this country and abroad, that all these men, whether farmers, millmen, wood-choppers or tie makers, are as perfectly human as any man who ever walked up Market Street, Philadelphia, LaSalle Avenue, Chicago, or down Broadway, New York.

One thing, however, many of them do not know much about, and that is the gospel. And that is what we are endeavoring to carry to them. Thus in addition to the regular pastoral work in the town where we live, for there we have a church organization and a church building where we hold services every Sunday, maintain midweek meeting, Young People's Society, Ladies Aid, Mission Circle, Sunday School, Girl's Club, etc., in addition to this we have the oversight of two other Sunday Schools, have six out stations, where we have regular preaching appointments, and are contemplating opening two or three others.

At these places we preach, sometimes in the schoolhouse, dance hall, and open air in the midst of the camp, reaching as many men as possible, visiting in woods, mills, cabins, cottages and fields, scattering tracts, magazines and papers, adding a personal word for Him who said "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel." And where the opportunity presents itself we read the scriptures, offer prayer, bid them good cheer, and pass on.

In case of sickness or accidents we make a point to be with them as much as possible, making ourselves generally useful, frequently coming home in the late hours of the night and sometimes in the early hours of the morning; sometimes in the soft moonlight and sometimes in a storm; sometimes

through the dark redwoods and sometimes before a fierce wind or driving rain.

We do not spend all of our time thus, however, or we lose our people would often be before a fierce wind. And in order to avoid this unpardonable sin we aim to be in our study nearly every day, that we may be able to present the gospel in such a way that it will appeal to the hearts of men. And although all these men are not rushing into the church yet, thank God, the gospel is winning its way into many of their hearts and it is being revealed in their life and conduct, while some have already united with the church.

The past two years have been an exceedingly busy and interesting time, keeping ever before us the two great commandments, namely, first, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind and with all thy strength." All thy heart, all the affection of our being. All our soul, all of our individuality and personality, all the mind, intelligently, able to give a reason for our hearts' affection toward him.

And with our strength. Activity, putting the loving heart, soul and mind into active service for him. And second,

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." And this appeals to us something like this. If we were dying and could see that our own soul was being lost, that after all we had been clinging to the wrong thing and were rapidly descending into the dark world of despair, what would we not give, what would we not sacrifice, what would we not do at that moment to be able to save ourselves from eternal death and embrace everlasting life? I am persuaded that just what we would give, just what we would sacrifice, and just what we would do to save our own soul, that we owe to our neighbor. For "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." And we are endeavoring to do that on the Mendocino coast.

...

[The following items from the *Georgia Baptist* give our readers the view of the newly elected Governor, Hoke Smith, and the attitude of Prof. Goodwin, one of our colored teachers. Our readers can decide which writer exemplifies the spirit of Christ.]

## Governor Hoke Smith

ON EDUCATION AND THE FRANCHISE IN INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

## EDUCATION.



THE chief object of government should be to prevent special privileges and to give to all equal rights and opportunities. To this the men and women of Georgia are entitled, and you are preparing legislation which insures it to them. The relation of the state to the children goes much further. It is the duty of the state to see that the children are given an opportunity for all preparation which their probable life work requires.

Education from books alone is not always of much value. It should be accompanied with practical training, having in view the future of the child.

## NEGRO CHILDREN.

Let me refer to the negro children in this connection. Any plan for the negroes which fails to recognize the difference between the white and black races will fail. The honest student of history knows that the negro had full opportunity for generations to develop before the days of slavery, that the negro race was improved by slavery, and that the majority



of the negroes in this state have ceased to improve since slavery. Few have been helped by learning from books. All have been helped who have been taught or made to work.

It is not the difference of environment, it is the difference of race, deep seated, inherited for generations and generations through hundreds of years.

The large majority of negroes are incapable of anything but manual labor, and many taught from books spurn labor and live in idleness. Few negroes are willing to work beyond the requirements of the hardest necessities of life.

The negro child should be taught manual labor and how to live. The negro school teacher should be selected less by book than by character examinations. The negro school to be useful needs less books and more work. I favor a complete change in the examinations of teachers for the negro schools, and for them a different plan of management. I would have the schools help the negro, not injure him.

I will not discuss this subject more fully at present, but I wish to be distinctly understood. I seek the intelligent treatment of the negro, and to that end the radical difference between the white and negro races must be kept in view.

Racial differences can not be overcome by misguided philanthropists. They should not be disregarded by us, however much criticisms may come from any source upon us.

But no one should suppose that superiority justifies cruelty. While every precaution should be had to prevent crime, while the white men of the various localities of the state should know and apprehend any idle, unidentified negro who appears in a locality, punishment for crime belongs to the law. The man who breaks the law to punish a criminal is himself a criminal, and I ask the people of the state to help me preserve law and order. There is no place in Georgia for riots and mobs.

It is the duty of the governor to exhaust the power of his office to prevent lynching, and I shall perform this duty. I go further, in full knowledge of the superiority of the white race, I recognize the duty of the white man to be absolutely just, yes, he should be kind to the negro. The white man should exercise a controlling direction tempered with kindness over the negro.

### On Governor Smith's Inaugural

BY G. A. GOODWIN.



THE Georgia Legislature is now convened for its fifty-day session.

Hon. Hoke Smith of Atlanta is now Governor and purposes to make good his campaign pledges. Many efforts will be made to more greatly embarrass the negro, but let us not forget to do our duty as true men and loyal citizens. Let us never lose sight of the fact that God omnipotent rules over the destiny of nations, that righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.

Every negro family ought to keep posted by reading the daily or weekly transactions of the legislature, especially such legislation that, in any way, affects the civil and political status of the race. If the negro papers do not furnish the information then obtain it from other sources.

Has it ever occurred to you how seriously the Red Sea entangled Pharaoh? How significant was the perch of the screech owl above Herod's head at Caesarea Stratonis? or Blocher's delay at Waterloo? Gen. Lee's defeat at Gettysburg? The Japs at Fort Arthur? How omnipotent indeed is He who makes the wrath of man praise Him!

Be still, and hear,  
And cease repining,  
Behind the cloud  
Is the Sun still shining—

Is the message of Longfellow—the message of hope and cheer; yet not greater than the sentiment of Him, who said, "Be still and know that I am God."

If I were a voice—a persuasive voice—a thunder tone voice—a Georgia awakening voice—a voice that the negro people in Georgia would hear—the Christian people in truth—I'd say to them that instead of fault-finding, let us unitedly lay Gov. Smith on God's operating table for a course of divine treatment. Herein is the secret—Gov. Smith in the chair or on the platform as a campaigner has irresistible influence over Georgia's white populace. But what of the negro upon his knees in the secret place of the most High?—a veritable wonder worker in time. Not every man to his gun, but every man to his knees. Let us one time in Georgia try prayer as a remedy. Pause a moment, you Christian people, and note the efficacy of prayer. God is the same—"with him there is no variableness or shadow of turning."

### Georgia's New Governor

WE reproduce in this paper that part of Governor Hoke Smith's inaugural address which refers specially to Negro children. With oath of office still hot in his mouth, Governor Smith boldly and conscientiously advocates the elimination of Negro children from the benefits of educational advantages afforded by the state to such extent that it will amount to virtual exclusion if carried into effect. This is the deadliest blow that can be given to the Negro in Georgia, and if the legislature enacts laws in harmony with Governor Smith's recommendations in this respect, it will be indeed a dark day for both the white and colored people of Georgia. Such a gross and inhuman wrong cannot be perpetrated upon a people for the time being helpless without a rebound that will injure the wrong doers more than the helpless people wronged. This is a blow at the foundation of the Negroes' freedom. The teachers of the future are not to be brain developers but mere hand trainers, they are to be excluded as teachers who have gone above what may be termed the primary grade. The present higher institutions of learning for the education of Negroes will be driven out or closed up. This too in face of the fact that the state expends not a cent for their maintenance. We may be mistaken but we are not prepared to believe that the majority of Georgia's white people are ready to perpetrate a wrong, so gross, so cruel, indeed, so heartless, as the Governor of the state would have them do. We publish also the recommendations of Governor Smith with reference to the franchise. They are pernicious in the main on their face but their chief perniciousness is in the declared purpose to so administer the new law as to exclude thousands on the one hand because of their race, and on the other hand to admit many thousands to the franchise because of their race who under the law could not qualify. But the day of Hoke Smithism in Georgia will be of short duration. The *Atlanta Georgian* declares it to be the inauguration of a revolution, the other leading papers of the state say about the same thing in milder terms. Our advice to colored men is that they keep cool, use no harsh words and specially make no threats. Stand together and consider well the conditions that surround, and above all things look to God for guidance.

—WILLIAM J. WHITE, D.D., Editor.

## Trade with Latin America



THE trade of the United States with Latin America, which amounted ten years ago to \$234,000,000, aggregated about \$610,000,000 in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1907, in this figure being included the trade with Porto Rico, not now considered strictly as foreign commerce. The growth in trade with the Latin American countries has been more rapid than that with many other sections of the world, imports from Latin America this past year being 132 per cent. greater than those of a decade ago, while imports from all other countries combined are but 78 per cent. greater than ten years ago. The principal countries with which this trade increase occurs are Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Central America, as a whole, Mexico, Cuba and Porto Rico. The imports from Argentina have increased from \$10,750,000 in 1897, to about \$17,000,000 in 1907, while from Brazil the imports have grown from \$69,000,000 in 1897, to more than \$100,000,000 in 1907. The increase in importations occurs chiefly in a few great articles, while the increase in exportations is distributed among a large number of articles, chiefly manufactures—notably agricultural implements, cotton goods and iron and steel manufactures.

WHILE holding a meeting one day a thoughtful Moslem, who had been carefully studying the different forms of religion with which he had become acquainted, said to a missionary, "I know that the Protestants are the best of all sects." A man in the audience said to the Moslem, "How do you know that? You are a Moslem. What do you know of the teachings of the Protestants?" And the Moslem said, "I know by one sign. If I go to a priest, he says to me 'Give;' if I go to an official or friend, they say to me, 'Give.' All say 'Give.' The Protestants alone say 'Take.' Their schools say 'Take;' their teachings say 'Take;' their charities say 'Take.' By this I know that they are the best."—Selected.

REV. CHARLES FREDERICK AKED, D.D., the noted Baptist preacher who recently came to New York from England to assume the pastorate of the Fifth Ave. Baptist Church, has appeared before a U. S. District Court to take out his naturalization papers, having declared his intention to renounce allegiance to King Edward in favor of "Uncle Sam."

A CRAZY man was one day seen at a grindstone putting a keen edge on a large knife. One said to him, "What are you doing there?" He answered, "Don't you see? I am sharpening this knife." "Yes, but what are you going to do when it is sharpened?" "Cut old Ben Brown's head off." "What! you won't kill him, will you?" "Oh, no; I will cut his head off and stick it right on again hind side before so he can look back. It will take him the rest of his days to review his life." Friends of Home Missions, let us get our heads so adjusted without the knife that we can see all about us. Then, if forced to review, we shall not be ashamed of the backward look.

—J. A. WHARTON In *American Home Missionary*.

REPORTS read at the 103d annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society showed that eight new languages have been added to the Society's list, making a total of 409, including 103 complete versions of the Bible. The year's issues have amounted to 5,416,569 volumes. The home sales have diminished, a loss which seems due mainly to the issue of cheap editions of the Bible by other publishers. In China for the third year in succession more than 1,000,000 copies have been sold. In India there has been another "record" total of 693,000, and in Japan the sales by colportage have nearly doubled. The Society employs 900 wayfaring Bible sellers, who are kept busy up and down the world.

## Facts About New York

IN New York City, which increases in population about 316 persons every day, there are 1,524,000 inhabitants born in foreign lands, and 1,667,000 native-born of foreign parents. There are in the city more Italians than in Rome, more Germans than in Hamburg, three times as many Irish as in Dublin, and ten times as many Jews as there are in Palestine. The assessed value of real estate in Manhattan last year was \$4,105,352,290. There are 1,809 miles of paved streets, and 707 miles of railways carried last year 1,468,459,521 passengers. From the presses of the city issue 67 daily newspapers and 713 weekly, monthly, or quarterly publications. The city employs 9,355 policemen and 4,971 firemen; 680,322 children are enrolled in the public schools. Over 8,500 lawyers and 4,100 physicians regularly practice their professions. There are 978 Protestant churches having 675,000 sittings—three less than there were six years ago in Manhattan, while there are five more Roman Catholic churches and eighteen more Jewish synagogues.—

*Zion's Herald.*

DR. E. E. CHIVERS, of the Home Mission Society, who went to Los Angeles, Cal., a few weeks ago to meet Mrs. Chivers and their daughters, is having a busy and pleasant time on the coast. Mrs. and Miss Chivers have been in Southern California for several months for their health. They are much better and will soon return East.

THE loss which has come to the home and lives of Dr. and Mrs. R. S. McArthur of New York City in the death of their youngest child, Marian Elizabeth, is widely felt. A young lady of rare attainments and sweet Christian character, she had come to be recognised as a strong factor in the various departments of the church which she so much loved, as well as in society, where she was well fitted to shine. For four years she had struggled against the ravages of the dreaded "white plague," aided by all that love and skill could afford, yet all to no avail. We share in the sorrow of the inner circle of her loved ones and add our sincere sympathy.—M. C. R.

"Oh think! To step on shore, and that shore Heaven;  
To take hold of a hand, and find it God's hand;  
To breathe a pure air and find it celestial air;  
To feel invigorated and find it immortality.  
Oh think! To pass from a storm and a tempest  
Into one unbroken smile.  
To wake up, and find it glory."

## Mission School at Coamo, P. R.

BY MRS. L. E. TROYER.

**I** AM only two years old, but I have grown so rapidly that many think me much older. The first year I did the best I could for clothes, but when I was a year old the American Baptist Home Mission Society liked me so well that they gave me a fine new white dress to wear every day. I was just the happiest little youngster that you ever saw the day that the dress was done, I fairly danced with glee. And when they told me to hold up my hand if I wanted to say "thank you" to the Mission Society for the new dress, I held up both hands, and really was sorry that I hadn't more hands, I was so very thankful. And my mama—she pretty near cried, she was so happy. You see she had to borrow clothes for me the first year, and they were too small right from the first. But she just knew that somebody would like me enough to get me a new dress some day, so she just laughed and told me to wait. Well, I had such a good time the first year that I laughed too every day, and now I laugh several times a day when I look at my new dress and think how lovely it is. But I don't mind being confidential with you and telling you that I already need another one to wear after study hours and to sleep in. I can't grow if I am kept always in this one dress, and I could grow so fast if I had more room. My mama, that's Mrs. Troyer, the wife of the missionary, says I ought to have two more dresses; and she ought to know. She takes just the best care of me, and she tells me every day how to be good. She reads the Bible to me every morning and tells me about Jesus, who I guess loves me most more than she does. She has told me so much about Him that I want to be good like He is, and every day at noon I spend a little time talking to Him, thanking Him for being so good to me, and asking Him to help me.

Now I just forgot to tell you my name; it's so long I can't hardly say it. I haven't really been christened, but they call me the "Baptist Mission School for Girls." Of course that means for girls of Porto Rico. I don't know how many girls there are in Porto Rico, but I have heard the missionary say that there were thousands and thousands of them, and most of them so awfully poor that they can't go to school at all if somebody doesn't help them. They have to stay home

and help make a living, or they are too poor to buy clothes and so they can't go to school. My mama says that they need a place where they can go and earn something and so help pay for their clothes and help make a living while they are at the same time in school. That's why I work with the needle half of the day making all sorts of drawn-work, and embroidery, and such things for which I receive pay, and which friends who want such things buy. There isn't much of anything else for girls to do down here than this kind of work so I know that I am learning very useful things. Then the other half of the day I study, just such things as they study in the public schools, and I am learning very rapidly. My mama has three other ladies to help her: Miss Greenlaw, who helped her right from the first last year, and who likes me most as much as my mama does; and Miss Lanneau, who likes me more and more every day. I have known her only since the Christmas holidays but I think she's fine. Then there is a Porto Rican lady, Miss Josefa Dias, who has been helping take care of me all of this year and we like each other a great deal.

I was born October 9th, 1905, in the Sunday School rooms of the mission chapel in Coamo. They say that what they get from selling the things that I make, and what friends give who know about me, pays for my keep, so that the Mission Society hasn't been out anything more than to pay for



SCHOOL AT COAMO, PORTO RICO, AND MR. TROYER'S HOME.

my new dress and to pay the ladies for taking care of me. Last year the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society paid Miss Greenlaw, but this year the American Baptist Home Mission Society of New York is paying the salaries of all the teachers, besides having paid for the new dress. I guess Dr. Morehouse is pretty proud of the Society's baby girl, any way he has been just as good as can be to me.

Now I've told you all about myself, I guess. Hope you won't forget to help me get the other new dress, and say, I'm going to whisper a little secret, I'd like awfully well to have a little brother.

## Our Little Folks

All material in the nature of communications, reports, etc., intended for the department, should be sent directly to the one in charge, Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt, 36 Spring Street, Auburn, Maine.

### Do You Live There?

I wonder if you know the place  
Where nothing's ever done;  
I found a guide-book, not long since,  
Describing such a one.

It's on "To-morrow" Avenue,  
Quite near to "Sometime" Street,  
Where "If-you'll-wait-a-little-while"  
And "In-a-minute" meet.

The only sign in all the town  
(It's really very queer),  
"Not now," in plainly written words,  
Does everywhere appear.

The people never get caught up,  
Whatever be their work.  
It's more because they don't begin  
Than that they mean to shirk.

Perhaps you live in such a town:  
I hope 'tis not the same.  
The guide-book, if you look it up,  
Says "Put-it-off" 's the name.

—ADELBERT F. CALDWELL.

### Bad-Habit Land

**I**N Bad-Habit land there lives a very ugly and terrible giant.  
He is king, and all the people do his bidding day and night.  
He never pays them with anything but fears and trouble,  
and he is so strong that they can never get away from him.  
It is his wicked delight to steal little people; so look out, boys  
and girls, for the roads of I-don't-want-to-mind and I-will-  
have-my-own-way lead straight to his castle. Selected.

### A Joyful Day

**U**R little folks give to, and think of, and we hope  
pray for the Alaskan Orphanage. The June  
Orphanage News Letter has this pleasant  
description of a very happy occasion:—  
"Sunday, June 16, was a day of gladness in  
our little church at Wood Island. It was the time set for the  
baptism of the candidates recently received and all felt the  
importance of the occasion.

At Sunday school a large number of neighbors were present  
and to them was explained, with Nicholas as interpreter, the  
Biblical teaching on the subject of baptism.

The morning worship was concluded with a sermon on the  
text, 'Ye are our epistle—known and read of all men,' in  
which the privilege, the duty, and the responsibility of testi-  
fying, by life, act and word, to the power of the Gospel of the  
Son of God was impressed upon the Christians.

At three o'clock the church was filled with an audience  
which listened intently to a short sermon from the text, 'To  
obey is better than sacrifice.' Afterward all went to the  
lakeside to witness the ordinance. Not only were those who  
had been in the church spectators but in groups about the  
lake were gathered half as many more.

Following are the names of those buried with Christ:  
Saaka Alexander, Wanya Ostrigan, Thomas Devine, Oleana  
Sperbeck, Irene Forsman, Mary Palmer, Nida Calugan, Julia  
Forsman, and Katie Bowers.

At the evening service, after a sermon from the text 'Here-  
in is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit,' the right  
hand of fellowship was extended to the new members and the  
Lord's Supper was celebrated. Letters of dismissal were  
also granted to six members."

### Some of the Girls We Are Helping.

We know our little folks will like to look straight into the  
faces of some of our pupils at the Mather School. Miss Owen,  
their faithful teacher, told many of us about them last year.



PUPILS FROM MATHER SCHOOL, BEAUFORT, S. C.

and so they do not seem to us like strangers. We are glad  
that a large number of the students now come as boarding  
pupils, and so they will receive much more help than if they  
were simply day pupils.

### The Blind Girl's Gift

**T**HE blind girl came to her pastor, and gave him a  
dollar for missions.

Astonished at the sum, the minister said:  
"You are a poor blind girl; is it possible you  
can spare so much for missions?"

"True," she said, "I am blind, but not so poor as you  
think; and I can prove that I can spare this money better than  
those who see."

The minister wanted to hear this proved.

"I am a basket maker," answered the girl, "and, as I am  
blind, I can make my baskets just as easily in the dark as in  
the light. Other girls have, during last winter, spent more  
than a dollar for light. I have no such expense, and so have  
brought this money for the poor heathen and the mission-  
aries."—Exchange.



## Enough To Make the Heart Sing For Gladness



HE presence of a goodly number of young misses at the York Association Basket Meeting at South Berwick, Me., in May. Bubbling over with girlish joy and good nature and missionary zeal, they were a delight to the eye and heart. Emerson once said "When I bought my farm I did not know what a bargain I had in the blue birds, bob-o'-links and thrushes, which were not charged in the bill."

No more does any one who has been to a Missionary Meeting without the presence of a lot of happy girls know the charm of one who has something sweeter and more full of promise than any army of birds, viz.—the inspiration of joyous girlhood.

### II.

A meeting place, decorated, as was that for the Penobscot, Maine, Basket Meeting gathering in June, with beautiful flowers, and vines by the hands of the dear young folks.

### III.

A Precious Jewel Annual Meeting with mothers thrown in for care takers and helpers. The program for this occasion at Dexter, Maine, June 20, had many pretty additions by the little folks, who are learning to love the missionary work.

### IV.

If it is enough to make a body glad to be invited as a guest to a Precious Jewel meeting and to be twice glad in mentioning it as we have above, it gives a three-fold pleasure to have someone remember the Young Folks Department in Echoes and send a report for its columns.

From Springfield, Mass., comes the following:—

"I wish to tell you of our Second Annual meeting of Precious Jewels held by invitation of the Home Mission Society at State Street Baptist Church, June 18. Although a very warm day, a good number were present.

The Jewels gave a little program of recitations and songs. Refreshments were served by the Society.

The mite boxes were opened; not all were presented at that time; when all are collected we shall realize about \$7.00.

Thirty members are now enrolled. Nearly all have mite boxes. Of course this interests the mothers, for some are too young to help without "Mother", so thanks are due them.

Please send a half dozen clocks to use among the older members.

Yours,

Emma W. Billings,  
45 Oak St., Springfield, Mass.

## How One Little Girl Helped

SUNDAY School Times speaks about the privations that missionaries endure in a new country among settlers just starting homes. He finds, however, many consecrated, unselfish people, and meets blessed experiences. A few years ago preaching services were started in a certain section among what are called the homesteaders.

Among the interested ones was a little girl of eleven years. Her family was so poor that toys, ribbons, dolls, and candy

were almost unknown to her. The best shoes she had or could get were broken entirely across the soles. But shoes she must have to attend the services; so, with an old fork for an awl and a store string for thread, she patiently sewed the broken parts together. Later a church was organized, and she became one of the most faithful members.

During the summer she earned fifty cents—twenty-five by doing a big washing for a neighbor and the remainder by picking berries and carrying them four miles to sell. One day she asked of the missionary the privilege of riding into town with him. On the way back she took out the hard-earned money, and timidly offered it to the preacher, saying: "It is for you." He, having been previously told how she had earned the money, declined to take it. At this refusal, tears ran down her cheeks, and sobbing, she said: "I want you to come and preach for us another year. You can't come for nothing, and this is to help pay you." For the peace of the child, he took the money, and his heart was full as he realized the self-sacrificing spirit of this little one; who, "of her want," had given "all," that her neighborhood might hear the gospel.

Who can say missionary work does not pay? Who can declare that the spirit of self-denial and sacrifice no longer exists? May this incident stir our hearts to give as the Lord would have us—Selected.

## How We Improved Our Plans



FOR many years our church had one mission band, which met at the church once each month. One good woman was expected to take entire charge of the work, and had even the responsibility of leading the meetings.

There were no dues, the offering depending entirely on mite-boxes, opened twice a year. To properly manage such a band was too much for one person; and as a result the work lagged, few attended the meeting, the offering was small, and the leader was powerless to help matters. So in January, 1901, we reorganized on an entirely new plan. All the children under fourteen years of age in the Sunday school were enrolled and divided into nine bands of from ten to twenty children each. Nine ladies were then appointed to take charge of these bands as leaders, each band to meet twice each month at the home of the leader, and each leader was left free to devise ways and means for cultivating a missionary spirit in the minds and hearts of the children, and for raising money for missions, etc. Once each quarter, on Sunday afternoon, the bands hold a union meeting at the church. The pastor leads this meeting, and the programme is varied from time to time. It always has one interesting feature—viz., the opening of the mite-boxes and the general secretary's quarterly report.

Of course this plan and its results have not proved all we desire, but it is a great improvement over the old way. The attendance has increased, interest deepened, and the offering quadrupled, being over \$100 during the past fifteen months. This money is made in various ways. There are monthly dues and mite-boxes; sometimes each child brings a potato, tomato, or egg, which are sold by the leader or member of the band. Sometimes they make candy or fancy and useful articles of needlework and sell them. One band had a magic lantern display for children; again they made a freezer of cream, and one of the druggists sold it at his soda fountain. One leader secured at reduced price boxes of sewing silk, and gave each child several spools to sell.—Exchange.